For this time all the reſt depart away:
You *Capulet* ſhall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-Towne, our common judgement place.
Once more on paine of death all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mount. Who ſet this ancient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary
And yours cloſe fighting ere I did approach;
I drew to part them, in the inſtant came
The fiery *Tibalt* with his ſword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He ſwong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hiſs'd him in ſcorne:
While we were enterchanging thruſts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, ſaw you him to day?
Right glad am I he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an houre before the worſhipt ſunne
Peerd forth the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled minde drave me to walke abroad,
Where underneath the grove of Sycamore
That Weſtward rooteth from this City ſide,
So early walking did I ſee your Sonne:
Tow'rds him I made; but he was ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood.
I meaſuring his affections by my owne,
Which then moſt ſought where moſt might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary ſelfe,
Purſu'd my humour, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunn'd, who gladly fled from me.
Mount. Many a morning hath he there been ſeene,
With teares augmenting the freſh mornings dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighes,

But

But all ſo ſoone as the all cheering Sunne
Should in the fartheſt Eaſt begin to draw
The ſhadie curtaines from *Aurora's* bed,
Away from light ſteales home my heavie ſonne,
And private in his chamber pens himſelfe,
Shuts up his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himſelfe an artificiall night.
Blacke and portendous muſt this humour prove,
Unleſſe good counſell may the cauſe remove.
Ben. My noble unkle doe you know the cauſe?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
Ben. Have you importun'd him by any meanes?
Moun. Both by my ſelfe and many other friends,
But he his owne affections Counſellor
Is to himſelfe (I will not ſay how true)
But to himſelfe ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So farre from ſounding and diſcovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worme,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſame:
Could we but learne from whence his ſorrowes grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes; ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
I'le know his grievance or be much deni'd.
Moun. I would thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To heare true ſhrift: Come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benvol. Good morrow Couſin.
Rom. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtrooke nine.
Rom. Ay me, ſad houres ſeeme long:
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was: what ſadneſſe lengthens *Romeos* houres?
Rom. Not having that, which having makes them ſhort.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of love?

Rom.